

## 2Pac F/ Dee Tha Mad Bitch

### "We Got It"

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Uh, check it, check it  
Aiyo, it's very rare that you see me an Lanson  
In a club, with bub, partyin, we dancin  
If so, it's Chris, Bacardi, an some Branson  
All leathered out in a Harley or a Vanson  
Now I ain't dissin chicks  
But I ain't trickin shit  
That's Un yo, wit me you get fish an chips  
That's right exotic and we live it  
But jus cause I got it  
Don't mean you can get it  
Now I take them black, nasty, redbone, beautiful  
Jus brush your teeth for me, that's suitable  
Don't care about your toes or your cuticles  
First we lie then work them thighs  
It's a one night stand, not to hurt your pride  
But ma, I'm a dog, it ain't worth the lies  
And tell your man chill  
He don't deserve to die  
Plus the nigga probably ain't circumcised

Chorus [Mase]

Oh every beat we make, we make hot  
And every watch we got, got rocks  
And every car we got, we got dropped  
And every glock we got, we keep cocked  
To all the charts you on, we on top  
And every house you own, we jus copped  
And all the bank you got, we got stock  
And every chick you wit, we jus hit

Check it out

Yo, I'm the same cat that you see in all places  
Got a mil in hundreds and it's all small faces  
Old school money, uh huh, we got access  
What you get a year, we spend that on taxes  
We don't talk to niggas, we jus wait for faxes  
End up wit the cash, you bent up in the trash  
Leave you wet, we set, in a net, in the dash  
Nigga like me been a vet since the past  
Who out here don't feel I'm lockin it yet

Video time, no props on the set  
If you see a car that's my drop on the set  
If you see jewels that's the rocks on my neck  
And if a club scene really pop to be wet  
We jus bought a chopper, you coppin Bigets  
If you feel different, I'm stoppin the bet  
You rockin a vet while we hop on a jet

Chorus

Hey pretty mama come wit me  
If you think your a nasty girl  
Your man had you livin in a fantasy  
But it's really Cam'Ron's world  
Meet me at the door about a quarter to four  
And bring four more girls (bring em all)  
My mans outside in the parking lot  
With the six chromed out in pearl  
And yo, you know my style when we creepin too  
Yo, who dat boo, your man beepin you  
Well say your wit Lexis, with the Lexus  
God damn yo, I just missed the exit  
I'm kinda tipsy, I don't want to wreck shit  
And don't think ma, that I'm on some next shit  
Just wanna know if we can get breakfast  
Then go to the telly for some sex shit

Chorus 2X

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